

The Happy Lovers :

O R, The Damsel's Invitation to her Gallant to

Prepare to be happy to Morrow.

To a new Play-house Tune

Licensed according to Order.



I.

HOW happy's that Lover who after long years,
Of wishing, and doubting, despairing, & sorrow,
That hears his kind Mistress say, Shake off thy Tears,
and prepare to be happy to morrow to morrow,
prepare to be happy to morrow.

II.

Jove of *Id* posselt, or on *Diana's* Breast,
Was never so happy, so really blest,
As *Silvia* wou'd be, might he laugh love and say,
Let the Sun rise in State, for to morrow's the day,
to morrow, to morrow's the day.

III.

When after long courting and cringing, you find,
The scornfull young Lady has learned this Lesson,
And tells you that she is resolv'd to be kind,
and orders you strait to prepare for the Blessing,
for to morrow, to morrow's the day.

IV.

Her Heart being conquer'd, she'll cease to be coy,
Her Frowns being turned to Raptures of Joy,
The Lover no longer need sigh, beg, and pray,
Fair *Cynthia* she tells him to morrow's the day,
to morrow, to morrow's the day.

V.

She finds it a Folly to struggle with Love,
Whose powerfull Charms her Affections did move,
So that over-night a kind Kiss she will borrow,
And bids him prepare to be happy to morrow,
prepare to be happy to morrow.

VI.

Tho' Seven long years ye may sigh and complain,
Yet when the whole Prize you at length shall obtain,
She soon puts a period to sighs, grief, and sorrow,
And bids him prepare to be happy to morrow,
prepare to be happy to morrow.

VII.

Young Lasses are made for their Lovers delight,
And tho' they may seem many proffers to flight,
Why yet after all, they will willingly say,
Prepare to be happy, to morrow's the day,
to morrow, to morrow's the day.

VIII.

When as the young Nymph with' an amorous Glance,
Shall smile an her Lover, and whispering say,
The sweet Wedding-Jig she is willing to dance,
And tells him to morrow, to morrows the day,
to morrow, to morrow's the day.

IX.

What tho' many Blushes at first did appear,
At length being void of that timorous fear,
The greatest of Hazards she'll willingly run,
And venture to do as her Mother has done,
and tells him to morrow's the day.

X.

She vexes and frets that so long she was shie,
which gave to her Lover much Torment and Sor-
saith she, Now the critical Minute is nigh, (row,
and therefore prepare to be happy to morrow,
prepare to be happy to morrow.

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